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Norwich, Friday, Jan. 21, 1910.

CUTTING OUT BEEF AND BUTTER

The state of the market is leading the consumers to combine and to live without meat or butter as a means of producing a better state of things in the market.

Figures are given by the national department of agriculture showing that the difference between the wholesale and retail prices of beef varies between seventeen and sixty-eight per cent. Part of this is due to the number of small shops, delivery expenses and so forth. The same report states that the proportion in price between beef on the hoof and dressed beef has not increased and lays the blame a good deal on the high price of corn.

There is no doubt that these extraordinary conditions are causing consumers without organization to lessen their demand for both beef and butter.

At Washington, D. C., an Anti-Food Trust league has been formed, which threatens through combination and branch leagues to carry the boycott against meat, butter, milk and all other excessively high-priced goods to all parts of the country. At Cleveland 6,000 citizens have joined hands for the prohibition of meat-eating for one month; and 5,000 citizens of another large city have got together to boycott the use of butter for the same length of time to see what effect it will have upon the market. Attention however, is being called to the fact that the very articles of food that best take the place of meat, butter, milk, eggs, are those where the increase in cost is already marked. While this appears to be no direct way to remedy this evil, this food question is certainly worthy the sharpest investigation by the government. If commercial greed has its hand upon the necessities of life, it should be made to let go. To amass dividends at the expense of needy people is a crime.

MANHOLES AND SNOW.

How cities may most economically and expeditiously dispose of the snow in the streets is still an unsolved problem. It costs Boston \$40,000 a year to get rid of its snow from the traffic streets. Now it is proposed to begin to remove the snow as fast as it falls and to get rid of it through the agency of the sewers.

The Boston Transcript says upon this question: "Any Bostonian who had stood on Beacon street, near Arlington, last Saturday, and had seen nine carloads of snow emptied down one manhole in ten minutes—this being, it is said, the record—must have wondered why all the snow in Boston could not be disposed of as expeditiously.

"The explanation can be given in few words: not all the sewers have either the grade or capacity of the Beacon street sewer, which is five feet in diameter, whereas many of those along the 'main arteries of travel' are only about half as large and have a flatter grade and therefore a more sluggish flow. Though the temperature of sewers is seldom lower than 50 degrees, heat cannot be relied upon to melt the snow sufficiently fast to avoid the danger of clogging. Even in the Beacon street sewer, the clean snow is permitted to enter, and only city teams, each under the supervision of an official, are allowed to unload into the three manholes which it seems safe to use."

Considering the manhole as a means to an end, the Transcript further says that "if the sewers constructed in the future are of adequate capacity and suitable 'pitch' we shall doubtless be able to minimize the expensive problem of snow removal. At the present time it seems clear that they can be relied upon for little aid."

SHIFTY MEN.

Shifty men are common in all the walks of life, but Washington is without doubt the shifty men's metropolis in this republic. The president and his official family and the congressmen have to meet more undesirable citizens, more promise-breakers and liars, than any other class of men. The politician of whom we speak so slightly is usually a scoundrel. It has become a confirmed truth that men will misrepresent in politics who would not do so in any other relation. Politicians feel that quibbling and twisting on their part is justifiable because their constituents are so exacting and because each faction of a constituency demands a different thing; and the seekers for office and for special favors or privileges think that anything to win is a very good motto.

It is not strange that in such a community as square men is fully appreciated. It is averred that Taft likes a man who speaks the truth, and that his predecessors all liked such men. This is the reason Aldrich and Cannon have stood well with the president. They are neither quibblers, dodgers nor liars, but reliable men. With such a stock of Ananias on hand it is not strange Roosevelt formed a club of the eminent leaders among them.

TO FIX RESPONSIBILITY.

Absenteeism and dodging have become so common in the Massachusetts legislature the steps have finally been taken to make a record of the device by which members could balance effects by pairing. A new rule has been introduced to the legislature by Speaker Walker abolishing the custom of pairing except under unusual conditions. This new rule places every member more squarely upon his own record concerning important issues, and his constituency can judge him better. Often he was made to seem to vote exactly contrary to his convictions by sharp practice during his absence. Sometimes bills were actually beaten solely by manipulation of the system.

This new rule will compel a larger and more regular attendance of the members and will make them often show their standing on live and important public issues. The press commends this businesslike provision originated and made effective by the will and wit of the speaker.

Happy thought for today: Experience shows no favors. We all pay for what we thus get.

RAILROADING AT THE SOUTH.

If the papers of the south fairly represent the railroad service in that section, the railroads are grossly overpaid in being referred to as public inconveniences.

The situation is well expressed in the following incident related in an article headed, "Some Reasons Why Railways Are Unpopular," in a recent issue of The Railroad Age-Gazette: "Our travels on a through train which is scheduled to run between two large cities in twenty-eight hours. In about an hour it was set on a side track. Inquiry as to the cause brought the information that a small wreck ahead would probably make it necessary to stop the train at a stand where it was all night. It did not begin to move again for eleven hours. When it did begin to move it also began to lose more time, and when it reached its destination it was sixteen hours late. The conductor was asked whether his train was late. He replied that it was usually about five hours late. The same question was asked of the dining car conductor. He said that the train was usually about seven hours late. Now, what legitimate object can a railway have in persistently running schedules which experience has demonstrated its trains cannot make? Passengers generally will not complain much about slow trains if slow schedules are printed for them, but the printing of fast schedules for slow trains constantly causes trouble. The passenger usually makes reservations on connecting trains, for business or social engagements, with the expectation of reaching destination on schedule time. If the train is late, without mighty good reason, every passenger is apt to get off a critic and an enemy of the road."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

A future sign for aviators: Steer clear of this house, for the roof is thoroughly dynamited.

The heroes of Boston figure well in the Carnegie allotment of medals, awards and maintenance.

The naval expenses for 1911 have been cut down ten millions, but they now remain nearly \$127,000,000.

Since Mayor Hibbard of Boston finds that the public is not on the level, life must seem all down hill to him.

The light snowfalls this winter have been in northern New England, there being but six inches there when we had a foot.

The Atlanta Constitution calls attention to the fact that the price of commodities is higher than the Tammany tiger can jump.

It costs New Jersey over eleven hundred dollars for every convict electrocuted. The high cost of dying is attracting attention there.

Mr. and Mrs. George Gould are to have an American son-in-law, and his character and prospects are better than a noble title, so-called.

Russia produced twenty-six million bushels more wheat last year than Uncle Sam did. In many things we do not hold the world record.

We have been able to help the nations out the past ten years by contributing ten billion dollars' worth of produce to the world's living.

Rockefeller classes the average New York newspaper reporter among the desperadoes his detectives must look after. Perhaps he is blameless.

A Vermont man has invented a farm auto car; now if he will plan a way so that the farmers can earn the cash to buy it, a fortune is assured to him.

The thirty-seven governors now at Washington will be pleased to think that they have made one another's acquaintance. That is worth something.

The relatives of Banker Spencer Trask ask for \$200,000 for the loss of his life on the rail. Money never adequately represents life, but this is a high estimate.

Talk about an American sewing machine worth \$25 being sold in London for \$15; when the singer who gets \$200 a night there comes over here and gets \$1,000.

The decrease of cows in the New England states has been 14,000 in the past year, and the Boston milk combination has decided that the price must be nine cents all next summer.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Prompted by the Spirit.

Mr. Editor: Will you kindly give me a little space in your valuable paper to say just a few words as I think God wants me to say them? I noticed in your paper of the 17th inst. a letter written by Rev. Dr. M. S. Kaufman on the great power of the church. How quick God brought the idea of 1900 years ago and the church of today to my mind. The church Jesus established was the testifying church. Peter had just testified that Jesus was the Christ. Jesus told him that flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in Heaven. I will build my church. What do you think, Mr. Editor, if Jesus would step inside of one of our churches of today and see a choir of ungodly people singing for from \$1,500 to \$5,000 a year not for the glory of God, and then to hear a man preach who is supposed to have been crucified from God, he has to have from \$1,000 to \$1,500 a year for delivering the message. I read in message to the men that Jesus called was to go without money in the purse and not even to take two coats. What a difference between those men and the men of today with the high collars, white vest, long coat and high hat.

Why, Mr. Editor, I don't suppose these men would have known their name if they saw it in print. I don't suppose they could have read a sermon if you gave them one, but when they were brought before the court just after Pentecost and those great lawyers and judges saw they were ignorant and unlearned, but they saw they had been with Jesus.

But you know God had chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise, and God had chosen the weak things of the world to con-

THE BULLETIN'S DAILY STORY THE HEART GARDENS

The subjects of a great king received, each one, a garden from their generous ruler. Each was to cultivate his own as he pleased, but he could not give it away or exchange it for anything else. His must keep it for life.

One garden was given to a man who did not work much. It was his neighbor's garden. Some he saw were being carefully cultivated, some were wholly given up to rare plants, some to common easy-growing ones, some to brilliant, gaudy flowers, some to frail, sweet things, some to sturdy shrubs, and some were terribly neglected. "I won't make any of these mistakes," he boasted. "I will plant my garden with the things I like and keep it for my pleasure. I will not spend all my time on it, and in the end I will have a garden as good as any."

First, he set a hedge about it, one that required no trimming; a hedge of thorny shrubs which bore brilliant blossoms that were fragrant and sweet; fruit that was not good to eat; and if the passers-by pressed against it to touch the blossoms or the fruit, they would be scratched and hurt. Within the hedge he made beds of hardy plants that looked well and required little care; wherever he chose to walk he made paths, and in unvisited, out-of-the-way places, to which he made no paths, grass and weeds grew as they would.

Sometimes he asked a friend into his garden, sometimes one wise in garden lore called there, and sometimes a seeker after wisdom or one just beginning to plant came to ask his work. Each of them he would say:

"My garden suits me and gives me no trouble. I am satisfied with what I have here and neither ask nor wish anything from my neighbor's garden."

No one stayed long with him, and after a while no one seemed to care to visit his garden. He began to be lonely. There was nothing more to be done since he had planned his garden and finished it and everything grew without any special care. In spite of himself he would sometimes stand at the door of his garden and watch his neighbors at their work.

Not far away was a garden where people came and went continuously. The owner was always at work and made much for him to do, for he saw all who came and gave everyone something to take away, and he had to find places for the things people brought to him from their own gardens. He was always cutting slips and flowers, pulling out useless

found the things which are mighty, 1st Cor. 1:27.

Corinth was once a place of education and fine art and today a shapely mass; and while the church which Jesus founded was all right, today education and fine art have got it down to a first class playhouse.

Mr. Editor: There was a time when it cost something to preach the real Gospel; but today it costs something to hear the preacher tell about ancient history and the things of the Holy Land. I noticed Mr. Kaufman said with regret that it didn't measure up to the sublime possibilities. Well, if it doesn't measure up to God's plan, it is no wonder that Jesus plainly said, if they took of the Lord's Supper unworthily they did it to their own damnation (any God open their eyes and ears); and then he says that they don't make so much noise as they used to. One minister said, there was no noise in the church when he was a boy; and then he says that if there is no noise in the church you will find plenty of it at one of their baked-bean suppers. You will find a big difference between the midweek prayer meeting and a baked-bean supper; one is all noise while at the other there is hardly a sound; and not only that, but you can see the difference in the audience. You will see very quick which draws the biggest crowd. Well, enough of this, but read the words of Jesus in the Gospel of Mark. He came to seek and save that which was lost. Now, it doesn't seem as if it took a great deal of education to see man's lost condition. According to God's word, He tells of an awful Hell waiting for the lost; and if there is not anything to be saved from, why, Christ came in vain.

The great trouble, is the preachers of today dare not put out the truth as Jesus put it out—as Paul did. Follow Jesus, and you will find the truth. It was Jesus for him until He died on Calvary's cross, and then He did not have friends enough for a funeral. He only had two hearers, and they were the most of his hearers. He never had a nice paragon and a great steepled house; but there were men of prayer in those days. It didn't take Paul and Silas long to pray the underpinning out from under the old jail.

Now, Mr. Editor, if your house was on fire, would you call the fire department, the first thing you would do would be to sound an alarm and to get your best to save them. You wouldn't go to some college to learn how to get them out for the house would be burned up and the dear ones lost before you got back. Jesus says, "Be ready for in such a house you will find the Son of Man coming." Be on the watch, for he says he will come as a thief in the night.

The world may be lost and go to Hell while men are off to college learning how to save it. Oh, I say, give us men baptized with the Holy Ghost and we will use them and precious souls will be saved.

I hope I have not written such a long letter it will take up too much room in your paper, and may the Lord bless you and use you for His Glory. Here is an editorial from the Pull Gospel and Rescue Journal, Rev. Seth C. Reed, editor, Dayton Ohio, September 20, 1909:

"In order to stimulate interest in the afternoon meeting for men, the Rev. Thomas H. Reed, pastor of St. Andrew's Episcopal church has announced that he will permit smoking during the service. He has also announced that he will permit the men to attend the meetings and bring their smoking materials with them, either pipes or cigars. Rev. Mr. Reed's congregation is encouraged by this announcement. This is in keeping with many other well-known facts in the religion of today, such as Bishop Potter's dedication of the new St. Patrick's church in New York, and the fact that one of the greatest Methodists, the greatest supporters was a brewer and that southern Methodism's greatest revenue came from Bull Durham tobacco. David's name, etc. The fact that one of thirty-three graduating preachers from a Philadelphia divinity school, 27 of them were habitual drunkards and the other 6 were epileptics. Perilous times are upon us. Wicked men and seducers are waxing worse and worse. Men are deceiving and being deceived. The blind are leading the blind, and ten thousand abreast they are marching down the steps of eternal night."

It is neither by might nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord! Yours for the Lost.

T. H. PEABODY.
Norwich, Jan. 19, 1910.

Cost of High Living.

The case of Charles W. Morse is another illustration of the cost of high living.—N. Y. Evening Post.

Why Hesitate?

The New York Press says that it's "Cannon or Chaos." All right, why hesitate?—Louisville Courier-Journal.

growth and putting in new, trimming an over-luxuriant plant and encouraging a weak one.

At first the man at the door of his lonely garden sneered and said, "A great fuss over nothing," and "making mountains out of mole hills," but by and by the interested faces of those who came and went so occasionally made him lonelier than ever and a little envious.

One day he, too, joined the visitors in his neighbor's garden. The hedge around it was evergreen, trimmed low so that in passing one caught glimpses of the beauties within; the evergreen of choice, never changed with the seasons, but was always the same, a shelter from the scorching summer sun or the biting winter wind. In the garden or outside in the street.

The garden itself was a wonderful place. Every bit of space was used and everything was done to cultivate. Here were simple, fragrant things that old people loved; bright, sturdy flowers for little children; delicate blossoms for all kinds of people; strong, free-flowering shrubs that poor people loved to see, and many herbs of healing were scattered among the flowers. All kinds of things for all kinds of people, rosemary for remembrance, and poppies for forgetfulness, hearts-ease and Job's tears sweet peas and vivid tiger lilies, and among them moved the owner of the garden, giving and receiving, very busy and very happy.

He came up to greet his neighbor. "How does your garden thrive, friend?" he asked cordially. "It does not seem to be as full as yours is," the other answered. "Ah," said the neighbor, "that can be remedied if there is anything you care for."

"I do not want to take what you have planted and tended."

"Nothing is better for my garden," said the neighbor, "than the more I give the more my flowers grow." But the other man went away empty handed.

He stood in the midst of his lonely garden and for the first time it looked poor and commonplace to him.

"I would not bring anything from my garden," he said aloud. "I did not know what to bring or where to plant it unless I want to begin my garden all over again."

And then he fell to thinking of the contrast between the two gardens and how he could make his as beautiful and beautiful as his neighbor's, until he resolved that never again would he let his hand to the task.—Boston Post.

WHAT PEARY SAW.

The Philosophic Anarchists of the North—Where the Poppies and Buttercups Bloom.

Commander Robert E. Peary gives in the February number of Hampton's Magazine his own solution to a riddle that has puzzled explorers and scientists for the past few centuries. That riddle is the origin of the Eskimos.

The commander in his second installment of his wonderfully interesting story of the discovery of the North Pole, reveals the importance of well-trained Eskimos in polar travel, and he incidentally gives a remarkable sketch of the Greenland tribe that he himself employed. He says: "The members of this little tribe habitation the western coast of Greenland from Cape York to Etah are in many ways quite different from the Eskimos of Danish Greenland, or those of any other Arctic territory. There are between twenty and thirty in the tribe. They are savages, but they are not savages, they are without government, but they are not lawless; they are utterly uneducated according to our standard, yet they exhibit a remarkable degree of intelligence. In temperament like children, with all a child's delight in little things, they are nevertheless enduring as the most matured of civilized men and women, and the best of them are faithful to death. Without religion and having no idea of God, they will share their last meal with anyone who is hungry, while the aged and the helpless among them are taken care of as a family of course. They are healthy and pure-blooded; they have no vices, no intoxicants, no bad habits—not even gambling. Altogether, they are a people unique upon the face of the earth. A friend of mine calls them philosophic anarchists of the north."

"I have been studying the Eskimos for eighteen years, and no more effective instrument for Arctic work could be imagined than these pitiful bronze-skinned, keen-eyed and alert little children of nature. Their very limitations were their most valuable endowments for the purposes of my work. "There is a theory, first advanced by Sir Clements Markham, president of the Royal geographical society of London, that the Eskimos are the remnants of an ancient Siberian race, the Onkilo; that the last members of this tribe were driven out on the Arctic Ocean by the fierce waves of Tartar invasion in the Middle Ages, and that they found their way to the New Siberian Islands, thence eastward over land yet undiscovered to Grinnell Land and Greenland. I am inclined to believe in the truth of this theory for the following reasons:

"Some of the Eskimos are of a distinctive Mongolian type, and they display many Oriental characteristics, such as a mimicry, ingenuity, and patience in mechanical duplication. There is a strong resemblance between them and the natives of the ruins of houses found in Siberia. The Eskimo girl brought home by Mrs. Peary, in 1894, was mistaken by Chinamen for one of their own people. She has been suggested that their invocation of the spirits of their dead may be a survival of Asiatic ancestor worship."

The parts of the narrative tell of the flora and fauna of the Arctic. "In some places," says the commander, "in the coast is summer, and the grass is thick and long as on a New England farm. Poppies bloom here with dandelions, buttercups and saxifrage, though the flowers are all devoid of perfume. I have seen bumblebees even north of Whale Sound; there are flies and mosquitoes, and even a few spiders. Among the fauna of this country are the deer, the Greenland caribou, the fox—both blue and white—the Arctic hare, the polar bear, and perhaps once in a generation a stray wolf."

An Early Hero of 1910.

When the roll of American heroes of 1910 is made up truth and justice require that a place near the top should be awarded to the name of Frank G. Gentes of East Orange, N. J. The man himself is dead, but his name survives and deserves to be perpetuated as the hero of one who died hoping that his experience might help to mitigate the sufferings of humanity.

Mr. Gentes was a victim of cancer, and when told that his case was hopeless he expressed his willingness that the authorities of the hospital where he was under treatment should make tests on his tissues to determine the curative powers of radium. He had no delusions concerning himself, but submitted to the tests merely with the desire that the treatment might disclose something to science that would soften the agony and perhaps save the lives of others. He died without knowing whether that desire was realized or defeated; but the manly sympathy which inspired it must have soothed his final hour with a sense of duty completed quite beyond the comprehension of less heroic souls.—N. Y. Mail.

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